

PRICE,

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The Bay State
Forty=Fourth.

Regimental Record.

EDITED BY
DE FOREST SAFFORD,
OF THE 44TH REGIMENT.

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The Bay State Forty-Fourth.

MARCH, 1863.

OUR BOYS.

IT would be quite foolish, as well as useless, to boast that the 44th contained the only young men of promise that have enlisted since the war began; or to claim that "our Regiment" is in advance of all others in education or morality; nor is it the intention of the writer of these few pages to employ them as the medium of boasting in regard to this thousand;—he wishes merely to make mention of the thoughts that occur to one who has simply met our boys as comrades in camp duty or on the march.

The love of fun is an element in the character of most boys; and in the 44th that characteristic seems a marked one. We mean genuine fun, without the desire for mischief that very often accompanies the element mentioned. The mock dress parades and kitten burials that made some rainy days at Readville pass more quickly, were evidences of the humor of the ring-leaders there; and, at the present time, whenever there is an opportunity, something laughable is brought forward to enliven the crowd.

On the voyage to Newbern, in spite of the actual discomforts experienced, we enjoyed many a hearty laugh, and had good cause to thank the originators of the jokes perpetrated. To ventilate the space assigned us between decks, a "win's'l" was extended from a point above the upper deck to the lower, the opening to which was just above the boys' heads. The stairway from deck to deck being very slippery, those passing up or coming down quite naturally grasped a fold of the wind-sail to prevent a fall; and the consequence was, that the air intended for the companies below had but an imperfect passage. Here was a chance for a disagreement; and the subscriber stood looking on, imagining that nothing could prevent hard words, at least. All at once the cries of,

"Do let go," "Come, you must be careful," "Just let that alone, please," ceased. There was a dead calm. The stairway was crowded, and the ventilator of no more use than a tarred rope. Suddenly the unfortunate man that happened then to have his hand upon the canvas, was saluted with a roar from a dozen in chorus, uttered with all the strength of healthy organs of voice: "LET GO THAT VENTILATOR!" The chief and leader, the most furious, apparently, in gesture, was a thoroughly good fellow, a graduate of Harvard, whose pleasant countenance and entertaining conversation always gathers a group about him. The novel method of thus concentrating the force of a dozen in one stentorian yell startling enough to nearly frighten a man to death, was not without its effect on the minds of the irritated sufferers below, and ill-humor fast disappeared as the shout was continued.

On our first expedition we encamped in Washington near a box factory, well supplied with lumber, which we made use of in constructing bunks for the night. Until about two o'clock, the following morning, the 44th rested quietly; but a number of the boys of one company waking up rather chilly at that time, gathered about the fire which was burning rather low. "Who was going after wood?" was the question. Now when a soldier, or civilian, has got a place at a poor fire, even, the sensation of some degree of warmth is given up reluctantly, and the man that volunteers to get the fuel is self-denying indeed. The fires needed replenishing—the bunks were of wood, could be easily taken to pieces, and burn they must—never mind the occupants,—indeed it would be a mercy to wake them now, and have them come to the fire; they couldn't sleep much longer (?)—and at it they went! In one instance the owner was too far in the land of dreams to be awakened by a slight cause, so that the boards were removed, his gun and equipments were put out of sight, and the ruins of the little shanty blazed at his feet before he waked up. In perfect bewilderment, he commenced to run, supposing, no doubt, that he was in the hands of Southern "patriots." The hearty peal of laughter that followed his movements, soon brought this victim to his senses; and suddenly realizing his ludicrous position, he joined in the merriment with a will.

We have among us some rare fellows that we would not exchange for their weight in gold, on account of the moral influence they exert. When soldiers have been marching the whole day through a swamp, and at dusk are not in sight of the camp, you may be sure some cheering influence must be exerted to prevent a feeling of depression. Let our readers imagine themselves standing ankle-deep on the muddiest road

they ever travelled, having in their minds no cheering thought of dry clothes, clean stockings, slippers, and a seat at the fire when they get home. Fancy, then, the disagreeable chilly feeling that must be experienced, and think whether you would expect,—“Happy are we to-night, Boys,” “Viva la Compagnie,” or any other live-giving song! We all remember distinctly the place and the weary feelings that were coming upon us, when our noble comrades cheered the whole left wing for an hour with songs of pathos and mirth. The “Old Mountain Tree” sung there in that dismal swamp, had a greater charm than ever; this was one of the scenes never to be forgotten. The anxious friends who search the newspapers for the slightest reference to our boys, and who ask God’s protection for them in storm and battle, can be comforted with the thought that the sick or wounded in any part of the whole army, will receive no greater attention and kindness from comrades, than the members of the 44th from each other, as far as lies in their power. With this mention of the kindly feeling and care for those connected with them it may be as well to close this paper. At some other time, doubtless, a readier pen than mine may describe to you particular ones of the Regiment whose noble qualifications or good deeds render them favorites; whoever writes it can do no more than justice to “Our Boys.”

Newbern, Jan. 12, 1863.

XLIV.

DEATH OF ASTRONOMER MITCHELL.

“He is sent for to the Presence.”

One more! and this the noblest of the train:

Like the grand star that guards the skirts of night,

Could he not stray above our murky plain
Till the fair day-spring bless our aching sight—

That beam millennial which salutes the Right?

Inexorable Fate the beam will hold

With equal hand, and show our scale as light,

Tho’ youth, and strength, and wealth are fully tolled—

Genius must follow yet, and mingle with the gold.

His feet were ’customed to the Milky Way.

On his high errand he but turned aside,
Like old Samaria’s Traveller, to stay

The blood and tears abandoned by vile Pride.

And as he knelt at the poor victim’s side,
“To other ears a sound, to his a song”

Came from the concave in a mighty tide.
Lo! from his loitering see him speed along—

His mantle and his faith to all of us belong!

He died where pois’nous weeds and poisoned hearts

Stifle the life of body and of soul;
From the cursed realm all loveliness departs

As birds and flowers fly from the icy Pole.

Rush to the rescue of the old control;
Through fire and blood redeem each hill and dell.

And when this dread sirocco hence shall roll

(Onward or backward) to its native hell,
Sharon’s unfading rose shall flourish where he fell!

THE FIRST EXPEDITION.

THE following account was written for the *Janesville Daily Gazette*, by our jolly Postmaster, Mr. Fish. One might know, from his very appearance, that he would keep anybody's turkey after getting it once into his clutches—he must eat if he lives.

IN my last letter, I could only give you an account of the setting out of the expedition under Maj. Gen. Foster, and the most probable rumor as to its destination and object. I under-estimated the number of our troops, but now that I have learned it, I do not feel at liberty to state the exact force. It was divided into three brigades, commanded by Cols. Stevenson, Lee, and Amory. We waited in Washington from Friday noon until Sunday morning for the artillery and cavalry, whose march had been impeded by the burning of a bridge by the rebels.

We began our march at daybreak, Sunday morning, Nov. 2d. About six miles from Washington our advance met the rear guard of the enemy. One of our cavalry had his horse shot, and was taken prisoner. About five o'clock in the afternoon the rebels made a stand near a small creek. The battle, or perhaps more properly, skirmish, was begun by the artillery. Two companies of the 44th Massachusetts were ordered forward. The firing of musketry was kept up only about a quarter of an hour. The remainder of our brigade, Col. Stevenson's, was then ordered to advance. The column halted just as our company reached the middle of the stream. We stood in the water above our knees just forty minutes. The rebels had got our range, and the grape-shot and shell began to strike uncomfortably near. The old soldiers tell us that our position was a trying one. We could not see the enemy, or use our pieces; we could only stand and listen to the shot and shell plashing in the water about us. The shell striking in the stream did not explode.

We at last marched forward slowly, lying in ambush a part of the time. Our skirmishers were endeavoring to find out the position of the enemy; they were not very successful. About one o'clock we found ourselves drawn into an ambuscade. We had halted opposite rifle-pits, and the rebels poured in a volley at a distance of not more than ten yards. At the first musket report our officers gave the order, "Down!" This was all that saved us from being cut to pieces; none were killed, and only three wounded. Our second lieutenant received two balls in the leg; both wounds, however, were slight.

The artillery was immediately posted in an open field on our left, and

commenced a brisk cannonade. The 24th and 44th Massachusetts were drawn up in line of battle in their rear. The firing of the artillery presented a splendid spectacle to the new troops. It afforded an immense feeling of relief, after our surprise, to watch the shells by their burning fuse, as they went screaming through the air, to burst and carry death and destruction into the ranks of the rebels. The guns were well manned, and the firing very rapid; a hundred and sixty shot and shell were thrown from the sixteen pieces. The rebels acknowledge a loss of sixty killed and wounded. They retreated in such haste as to leave a part of their slain on the field. Our loss was three killed and six wounded. We lay down on our arms at two o'clock, wet and weary. We had been on the march twenty-two hours, with only an hour and a half's halt at noon.

The next morning, I went to a house a quarter of a mile from the field to get water. I found no one at home but an old woman and her two daughters. She said her two sons and her daughters' husbands were in the rebel army; they were obliged to go without having a chance to stand a draft; the officers came and took them. I asked her if she was a secessionist. She replied, "I go for my country; those who will not fight for their country are too mean to live—they ought to be killed." I told her we were fighting for our country, our whole country, south as well as north. To this she replied, "I don't want to talk any more about it; *we believe what the men say.*" There is a good deal in that reply; the people of the South believe what their leaders tell them, and it is surprising to see what a unity of sentiment there is here. It is said there is still a Union feeling in North Carolina. I don't believe it is very extensive. I took pains to talk with every white man I met on the march. I found but two unconditional Union men. A prominent citizen of Plymouth told us there were but four Union men in the place; the others only pretending to be, in order to save their property. All along our march we found most of the private dwellings deserted. They carried off all their property which could easily be removed. Much of what remained was carried off or destroyed by our troops. The order was given to the men to take all the provisions they could find. The people who remained at home and professed Union sentiments were protected.

The morning after the battle we marched to Williamston. None but negroes were left to welcome us. The soldiers were allowed to break into the stores and houses; considerable property was destroyed. Pigs, geese, turkeys and chickens, however, were the principal sufferers.

Your correspondent, equipped with a long pole, made a gallant charge upon a fine flock of turkeys, and had just made a good fat one bite the dust, when a man with shoulder straps on appeared at the back-door, calling out at the top of his voice, "Did'nt you know these were officers' quarters? Drop that turkey!" A breakfast of hard crackers and coffee, taken in connection with a seven miles' march, had the effect of causing me, for the moment, to forget the world-wide difference between an officer and a private. I was so inconsiderate as to suppose one needed dinner as well as the other; therefore I didn't hear the order, "drop that turkey," but carried him off in triumph. The dinner of "our mess" that day was something to date from. Think of a common soldier dining on roast turkey, sweet potatoes, and honey!

One of the objects of the expedition was the taking of a fort at Hamilton, a small town on the Roanoke. The fort was built on Rainbow Bluff, an eminence so high above the river as to be out of the reach of the gunboats. The enemy did not attempt to hold the fort. A large part of the town of Hamilton was burned by our troops. The flames of its church and school-house lighted us on our march through it. From Hamilton we marched to within six miles of Tarboro. The reason of our not advancing farther, was probably owing to the fact that the enemy were strongly reinforced, so as to greatly outnumber us; they had railroad facilities for transporting troops from Richmond.

We marched back to Plymouth, where we took transports for Newbern. The expedition occupied just two weeks. It was fruitful in forced marches and discipline to the men. The new regiments bore it well, although some days many were obliged to fall to the rear.

Nov. 15, 1862.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

KEPT ON THE LATE EXPEDITION TOWARDS GOLDSBORO.

Thursday, Dec. 11. At 7 o'clock this morning, our regiment, started from the parade ground, on an expedition to some place unknown to any of us boys. By 10 o'clock we had joined the other regiments of our brigade, and also the other brigades, and at this hour our entire force, numbering somewhere in the neighborhood of 15,000, including cavalry and artillery, went "marching along," with Gen. Foster for our leader. Our progress this forenoon was slow; but this afternoon we moved more

rapidly. The load we carry with us—knapsack, gun, and all our equipments—is estimated to be about thirty pounds; this, in addition to bad roads and rapid marching is felt by us all. At 8, this evening, after having marched about twelve miles, we were drawn up in a large field, and gladly obeyed the order to unsling knapsacks; and throwing them upon the ground we proceeded to the building of camp-fires. This is comparatively an easy task, inasmuch as rail fences abound in this vicinity; and, when the rails are placed in a proper manner, they make an excellent fire. Our fires were soon blazing, and the dippers of water were placed over them preparatory to making our coffee—a most essential article with hard bread.

To one standing as a looker-on, the sight is amusing. For instance, in one group, are some twenty tired and hungry fellows bending over their cups, each intent upon the boiling of his own—but thump goes somebody's foot against a rail, and on that rail are a score of precious cups of coffee—over they go; look, now, at the faces of the coffee tenders; one controls himself, bites his lip, and keeps quiet, another swears, and all feel very badly that their coffee is spilled; but with a fresh supply they try it again, and perhaps by 10 or 11 o'clock the coffee is drank, the hard bread is eaten, and the blankets spread for a night's repose upon the ground.

The camp-ground, to-night, presents a most beautiful appearance with its hundreds of fires, and the thousands of living objects moving about them. Truly, there are some pleasant things in the soldier's life, chief among which is the rest and warmth afforded by the night's encampment.

Friday, Dec. 12. Our march to-day has been hard, to say the least. We have travelled full twenty miles, and through twenty-one of those peculiar mud-holes with water full six inches deep, and from one to three rods wide. What purpose these water places serve in the arrangement of North Carolina is more than I can tell; just at this time they answer very well to keep our feet in a shocking state—wet, wet! We stopped this noon in a field for dinner, but had hardly time to commence eating, before we heard the unwelcome bugle-note warning us to fall in. With such rapidity were we marched from the field that we anticipated a brush with the Rebels, soon, and our surmises seemed to be confirmed by the fact that prisoners were soon carried to our rear. One item of considerable interest to us boys I must note. By the road-side stood a Rebel in custody of one of our cavalry; the latter sat upon his horse, holding a pistol, loaded and full cocked, within a few feet of the

prisoner's head ; his look seemed to say, " move, if you dare." Not a hair did the Rebel move, but with a sullen revengeful look he glanced at us, while our forces marched by him.

Saturday, Dec. 13. 8.30 A.M. We are seated just now upon the ground, with knapsacks slung, and equipments on, all ready for a start. We again anticipate a fight to-day ; I trust that whatever comes we may be found all ready. 12 M. We are seated by the roadside not many miles from Kinston, where it is quite certain we shall have a fight. Our rear artillery is moving to the front ; we expect every minute to go forward and give the Rebels battle. 12.45 P.M. Our forces are now being drawn up in line of battle in a large open field. Our regiment is second in line, supporting a battery. We are seated on the ground,—fancy we see Rebel bayonets glistening in the woods—it proves to be our cavalry ; the sun is very bright and warm. Another hour and some of us may not be dwellers in this lower sphere ; whatever is before us, may we do our duty. Night finds us still in the same field ; no Rebels have yet been seen. Rumor says that Kinston is taken by our advance ; an improbable story.

Sunday, Dec. 14. 8 A.M. All ready for a start ; we wait the order to move. 11 A.M. Again we wait by the roadside ; heavy firing is heard a short distance ahead ; a messenger has just passed post-haste to the rear. 11.15 A.M. Ten Rebel prisoners just passed to the rear in charge of some of our forces. 4 P.M. We are now seated quietly in a large field, witnessing the performances of a battery. " We have met the Rebels and they are ours " ; or, at least, about 500 of them are—the rest have left for other quarters, perhaps not quite as warm as they found these to be. Being posted in an advantageous position on one side of an almost impenetrable swamp, and having full command of the road over which they supposed our troops must march if we advanced,—they little dreamed that a few short hours would find them making a backward movement.

The part played by us in the conflict was somewhat of the active military style. First, we were drawn up in a field to support a battery ; then we were ordered down the road. Being drawn up in another field, we unslung our knapsacks and placed them in piles, leaving a man from each company to guard them. Shells were bursting, and shot flying quite rapidly about us, and wounded men being carried by us, indicating that there was work for us not far distant. Our Colonel, taking his place at the head of the Regiment, said, " Boys, I want you to march straight through the woods in front, and keep a good line." We started,

and entering the woods found it a swamp of the worst kind; despite of all we could do, our legs would sink above the knees, and, at every step, vines and brush of various kinds served to make our walk through it anything but pleasant. But the Rebels were what we sought, and not pleasant things, so on we pressed. The killed and wounded of the 45th, who were ahead of us, were on every hand; every minute we expected to receive the Rebel fire, when many of us would have probably met the same fate as those of the 45th; but a gallant charge of the noble 10th Connecticut had routed the enemy and left us in possession of the field. As we marched out into the open field, a squad of prisoners filed past us—a miserable, wretched-looking set—and, if they are a specimen of North Carolina troops, there will never any be taken for their beauty—that's certain.

The Rebels, in their retreat, endeavored to burn the Kinston bridge behind them, but were unsuccessful in the attempt. In due time we followed them and entered triumphantly into the very pretty village of Kinston. Both troops and citizens had left the place, only a few professedly loyal ones remaining behind. Piles of cotton and corn were burning in the street, they doubtless being determined that we should have no part of their poor possessions. After shelling the woods for a while our forces proceeded to encamp for the night; arms were soon stacked, and fires built. We shall rest to-night better for having the satisfaction that our forces have met and whipped the enemy. Not a man flinched in that "dismal swamp," notwithstanding the difficulties, perils, and horrors around us, but each and all pressed bravely on, intent upon the work before him. The loss on our side I cannot estimate; the 10th Connecticut lost, it is said, 104 men in killed and wounded, from a regiment of 350.

Tuesday, Dec. 16. We started early this morning, and marched rapidly forward till our arrival at a place called Whitehall, where we found the Rebels in force, ready to give us battle. Our regiment was drawn up beside a rail fence, on one bank of the river Neuse, while the Rebel infantry occupied rifle-pits on the other bank. Here they had a fine chance to fire at us, while ours to return the compliment was small, save when their heads popped up from their rifle pits. Bravely did our boys face the rebel bullets, and bravely did they handle their guns, losing no opportunity to make a good shot. After firing about twenty rounds apiece, we were ordered back, and back we went. Our loss in this engagement is estimated to have been ten killed and eighteen wounded. There were many narrow escapes. F. P. Adams, of Co. G.,

received a spent ball in his right side, tearing open his overcoat and making a slight bruise. F. E. Lincoln, of the same company, was badly wounded in the knee while guarding a pile of knapsacks; also, one of Co. G.'s drummer boys, E. S. Fisher, a lad of about fifteen, one who had begged the privilege of coming with us. His wound was also in the knee, and when taken up his first inquiry was, "Shall I be sent home? Can't I stay with the regiment the nine months out?"

The Rebels having fled before the fire of our artillery and infantry, we formed our line, and again went "marching along," feeling that we had helped to accomplish another good work; and here our boys had a good opportunity to display whatever valor they might possess, and the manner in which they did it is understood to be highly satisfactory at headquarters.

Wednesday, Dec. 17. We broke camp quite early this morning, and went rapidly forward. Had not travelled far when firing was heard ahead, and it soon became evident that we were going to have another brush with the Southern chivalry. Our artillery and some infantry were already disputing the possession of a railroad bridge and a portion of the track, to destroy which we are told was the main object of our expedition. Our regiment, with others, was drawn up in a field as a reserve. Soon we heard the joyful sound, "The rebels are retreating"; cheer after cheer rent the air; and when one of Gen. Foster's aides rode up to Gen. Stevenson, and gave him the order to march his brigade to Newbern, we felt pretty sure that victory was ours. With a ready step we turned towards home, and marched rapidly along, in most excellent spirits. Heavy firing in our rear seemed mysterious; if the enemy had retreated and left us in possession of the field, what need of further firing? Doubts and fears would fill our minds, and when an aide rode post haste to the head of our column, and turned it about, our suspicions were fully confirmed. Night had now come upon us, and with difficulty we marched over the bad roads; but in an hour like this all difficulties must be overcome, and nothing thought of but the action and its result. We went back quickly over the road, and silently filed into a piece of woods, and waited for further orders. As near as I can learn the facts of the case, the necessity of our returning was deemed important, inasmuch as two regiments of rebel infantry had thought best to make a charge upon Belger's Battery. Twice they tried it, and twice were they driven back, their ranks pretty well thinned by heavy charges of cannister.

Their defeat made certain, our force was again turned about, and

again started for Newbern. Our route lay through forests of pines, and these, having been set on fire, presented a truly magnificent spectacle. On every hand was fire, and as the flames ran up the tall trees and leaped from branch to branch, eagerly devouring whatever came in their way, strange thoughts would come across the mind, and one could almost fancy he saw spirits from the other world wandering amidst the flames. After much rapid marching over rough roads, we were drawn up for a night's encampment. And now, with our work accomplished, we will lay ourselves down to rest, trusting that Morpheus will put his arms gently about us and impart unto us sound and refreshing sleep, so that on the morrow we may go on our way rejoicing.

Thursday, Dec. 18. Have made good progress in our homeward march, to-day,—reached an old camping-ground, where we stop for the night.

Friday, Dec. 19. Our march to-day led us by Kinston bridge, or the ruins of it, (for our forces have burnt it), and over the battle ground of Sunday. We had a hasty look as we passed, where we would have liked hours in which to survey the place. As we passed down the river road, (the one on which the Rebels expected us to advance), we saw extensive rifle pits, and huge embankments thrown up to protect their artillery; had we taken that route, which was the nearest, we should have met with greater resistance and loss. But, thanks to Gen. Foster, whose wisdom led us the other way, the old adage, "The longest way round is the shortest way home," proved very true in our case. At noon we halted in a pleasant field for two hours, and finally encamped for the night. The ground to-night is very damp, which will serve very well to reinforce the colds that most of us already have. The usual fires of rails, and the usual boiling and drinking of coffee takes place, and we lay our weary bodies down again to get relief from "tired Nature's sweet restorer."

Saturday, Dec. 20. Back at last in good old Newbern. Started quite early this morning, and have marched about thirty miles; our boys, most of them, seemed bound to get home to-night, so while other regiments encamped outside of the city eight or ten miles, ours pressed on and reached their barracks about 8.30 P. M., tired, hungry, and cold. Some of us to-day had a fine opportunity of witnessing what is called "snuff-dipping," as practised by the ladies of the South. We met a team which had a decided arky appearance, containing two middle-aged females—natives of this land of turpentine and resin. Pale and haggard were their countenances, indicating about as much intellect and re-

finement as the beast before them. In one hand each had a good sized tin can containing yellow snuff, in the other was held a short stick, with one end battered so that when wet and put in contact with the snuff it would adhere to it. The team was stopped by enquiring and fun-loving boys, and questions asked and answered. Ever and anon the battered stick would dive into the tin box, and then, guided by the fair hand that held it, proceed to do its work upon the pearly (!) teeth of the holder. But time and patience would allow no further talk, and the last relic of the flood moved on, bearing its precious burden, leaving us something new to think of.

Our march is at last over, and to-night we occupy once more our comfortable bunks. During the march, which is estimated to have been full one hundred and fifty miles in extent, our boys have borne up bravely; through all the troubles and difficulties of the way all have manifested a desire to do the best they could. Coming back, as we do, without some who started with us, it would be well to let the past impress us more deeply than ever of the importance of having our houses in order and our lamps trimmed and burning, so that when called to follow them, whether from the battle field or from the fireside, "We go as those who wrap the drapery of their couch about them and lie down to pleasant dreams."

SCRIBE.

ON GUARD.

(Written by the light of a camp-fire after the battle of Newbern. No one but a soldier can fully appreciate it.)

On guard to-night; 'tis a lonely place,
And for two long hours I must wearily
pace

To and fro 'mid the tall old pines
Fringed with moss and clinging vines.

Scarce smiles a star through the clouds
aloft,

And the ocean breeze is damp and soft
That fans my fevered cheek and brow,
While I think of home and its loved ones
now.

On guard to-night; 'tis a lonely beat,
And, with heavy heart and weary feet,
Amid the gloom and the dark I tread,
For I'm watching o'er the unburied dead.

Ah! yester morn, how lightly throbbed
Full many a heart that death has robbed

Of its pulses warm; and the caskets lie
As cold as the winter's starless sky.

How sad the thought that another day
Will bring again the battle fray;
And, ere the close of the morrow's light,
I, too, may sleep like these to-night.

Past midnight hour, and I long to hear
The step to the soldier's heart most dear,
A sound that banishes all his grief,
The welcome tread of the "next relief."

Ah! here they come, and now I can
keep

My next four hours in the land of sleep,
And dream of home and the loved ones
there,

Who never may know a soldier's care.

Anon.

THANKSGIVING ADDRESS.

(Delivered at the table of Company A, by the late lamented Clerk of the Police Court at East Cambridge, A. L. Butler, Esq. Mr. B. was killed at the battle of Whitehall.)

MR. PRESIDENT, AND FELLOW SOLDIERS OF COMPANY A :

It is with a feeling of diffidence that I now address you. Knowing that there were two Everetts in this Company—a name that in the old Bay State is synonymous with eloquence and oratory—I was astonished when asked to address you on this occasion; but having been assured that it was neither oratory nor eloquence that was expected, only a few honest words, to be spoken on this most happy day, I could not feel that it was my duty to decline.

MR. PRESIDENT: this is Thanksgiving day; a good old New England day, first observed by our forefathers nearly two centuries and a half ago, in the then infant colony of Plymouth, after a year of hardships and trials, such as none of us have ever witnessed or experienced. If they, in the fullness of their hearts, could appoint and observe a day of thanksgiving and praise to God, how much more should we, with our many blessings, unite in keeping this hallowed day.

Most, if not all of us, are keeping this day in a manner different from any that we have ever before observed. We used to go to our homes, where we were born and reared, or gather at the house of some fond brother or sister, there to unite in a family circle, to talk over the scenes of our childhood, and relate the varied experiences of the past year. In the evening, the younger members of the family would assemble at some re-union festival, or go to the much talked of Thanksgiving ball, there to

“Dance all night, till broad daylight,
And go home with the girls in the morning.”

Roast turkeys and chickens, plum puddings and mince pies, are as much a part of a New England Thanksgiving as the parish sermon, or the gathering around the family fireside.

How pleasant are the memories of this day. With what eagerness in our childhood, we used to watch the preparations that were being made to render it a happy day. How willingly we used to lend a helping hand, when, at any other time, the labor would have taxed our strength and good-nature. When we had arrived at the age of manhood, and

gone forth in the world to seek our fortune, Thanksgiving week was the time appointed for our return to the home of our youth.

For nearly a century and a half after this day was first observed, the Puritans refused to keep Christmas, a day that is now kept by all Christian people throughout the world. Their hatred of the Established church of England, and of the Catholic church of Rome, caused by the persecutions they had endured, was so bitter, that anything that savored of the old church was rejected by them as idolatrous and wicked. Even the cross, that emblem of Christianity, was rejected by our Puritan fathers. We, their children, have learned to be less intolerant and bigoted; and the supremacy of Christmas in our hearts is only successfully contested by Thanksgiving day. Let us, while becoming more liberal towards the opinions and customs of others, be very careful that we do not forget to practise any of the many virtues of our Puritan fathers. It was their industry and stern integrity that gave to them an imperishable name in history, and a character to New England and her institutions such as no other people or country have ever acquired.

What man among us, during our late march through a portion of this State, could help contrasting the want of industry, prosperity, and intelligence that he daily witnessed, with the neatness, thrift, and happiness of a New England village. I do not know what others may think, but I believe that much of the success and prosperity of New England of to-day can be traced to the principles, habits, and institutions that our forefathers practised and established.

Success is inscribed on the Yankee character; and whatever the Yankees attempt to perform, that will they accomplish, be it the building of a Dutch oven, or the suppression of a Southern rebellion; it is a foregone conclusion when the Yankee says it *must* be done.

We have had to-day the poultry and puddings, but the family friends, where are they? As I look around these tables, I almost feel like saying they are here; and, as a soldier, I do say it. *Yes, they are here* to-day. A larger family than we have ever before met on such a day as this, and composed of friends, many of whom we had never seen one short year ago; but as soldiers it is our family. We are now a family of soldiers, with a name shorter than any we have previously borne, but long enough to distinguish us as members of the family called Co. A. In our new family relations we have discarded many of the comforts and customs of civil life, such as the comforts of home, the luxuries of the table, the amusements of the theatre, concert and dance, the instruc-

tion of the lecture, and, what is of more importance than all these I have mentioned, the refining influence of woman's society.

But the soldier can still be a gentleman; and I am happy to state, what I firmly believe to be the truth, that Co. A has as large a number of gentlemen connected with it, as any company in the Regiment. If acts of kindness between man and man, an interest in the welfare of the whole company, and a general good feeling among all the members, both officers and privates, are evidences of the gentleman, what I have stated is true. Let us continue to emulate the conduct of the perfect soldier and gentleman, so that we may be an honor to the old Bay State, and the recollection of our soldier life in future years shall be one of pleasure and pride.

We miss the picnic parties and suppers that we used to have at Readville, and the company of those who came to see our much admired dress-parades, laden with the choicest fruits of the garden, and pastry from the pantry, the recollection of which is sufficient to make our eyes sparkle and our mouths water. But we eat with a keener relish and better appetite the rations that the Government furnishes. To-day we have enjoyed the products of an oven built by the sweat and toil of our own hands, such as all the cooks of Readville never witnessed.

We also miss the music that used to enliven that dullest of all a soldier's duty—guard-mounting—and make each day seem shorter and pleasanter for its cheering strains. We now have the promise of a regimental band. May the efforts now making to organize a band be crowned with success, and the men of the 44th soon march to the inspiring strains of their own music. How the hearts of all would leap with joy were we to hear the band strike up with the "Star Spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," or "The Girl I left behind Me."

Since leaving Readville, we have learned much of the soldier's life which we had never before experienced; we are now "Jack at all trades." At meal times each man seems to be practising the scene of *Oliver Twist*, in the parish poor-house, and "asks for more"; but our Beadle has got used to the scene, so that his astonishment is only when we fail to come the second time. Our cook has not yet learned to make his soup after the poor-house receipt, but gets it so rich that it is the delight of Co. A, and the envy of all outsiders.

It is a daily occurrence to see men employed in performing police duty, shovelling, sweeping streets, and other like menial labor, who, previous to their enlistment, had never known what it was to perform any kind of work, or had been engaged only in the lighter kinds of toil.

Notwithstanding the many hardships and deprivations we have had to endure, I am proud to be able to say that they have been endured with less complaint on the part of the men than will be heard among an equal number in civil life. Each man has seemed to take it as unavoidable, and to bear it with equanimity. May we continue to exhibit a friendly spirit of rivalry between each man and each company, so that when we shall get our discharge the verdict may be that *every man did his whole duty*.

We have for a captain a man whom we are all proud to serve and obey. In our eyes he is a model soldier, and I have been told that he is spoken of by officers higher in rank than himself, as *the* captain of the Regiment. We all know that the welfare of this Company is his daily care. May our efforts to fulfill his wishes and obey his commands be such as to amply reward him for his trouble. That he has the confidence of this Company in his loyalty of purpose, and ability to command them in whatever situation they may be placed, is a fact that is a credit to himself and his men. To the advice and assistance of Capt. Richardson, backed by the coöperation of Col. Lee, and the labor of our own men, we are indebted for the entertainment of to-day.

May next Thanksgiving day find us citizens of a country at peace with itself and all the world. May the rebellion that is waging war against the Federal government be speedily crushed, and the leaders in this wicked attempt to overthrow a free government meet with the punishment their crimes deserve. There are many homes in New England, where sorrow and mourning have come during the past year, that would have been filled with peace and joy to-day but for this rebellion. Many a seat is vacant to-day which would have been filled but for the thousands now in the Federal army, called there by the necessities of the government and a sense of duty and patriotism to their country. May the success of our arms during the coming months establish our government on a basis firmer than it has ever rested upon, and start it on the road to prosperity and fame such as never before was witnessed. To-day the hearts of our relatives and friends will be sent out to us in the army, and the response that will meet them on the way will be heartfelt and full.

MR. PRESIDENT, I have endeavored to be brief; but as this is the first and only address I have been called upon to make, I trust you will pardon me if I have taxed your patience. In conclusion, I will give as a sentiment what I believe you will all heartily respond to: THANKSGIVING DAY.

THANKSGIVING IN THE BARRACKS OF CO. D.

OUR Puritan forefathers;—we honor their memory, and cherish the institutions they established. Thanksgiving for the soldier; no drum-beat, no drill—a day of rest. Is it not a blessing? What though he do not keep it with Puritanic reverence? What though fasting be exchanged for feasting, and mirth and music take the place of prayer? Who shall say there is not heartfelt gratitude and thankfulness in the soldier's Thanksgiving? There is gratitude for the day itself, with its precious memories of the annual gathering around the old fireside; there is thankfulness for the good things which take the place of his common, coarse fare. There is praise in his song of mirth, reverence in the good old songs of home, and who shall say that prayer is not wafted up to God on the deep-toned voices that join in the closing hymn at night? The strong feeling of earnest, manly hearts takes the place of cold formality of church and creed.

Such, at least, was our Thanksgiving in Newbern barracks. Company D, of the 44th, divided into parties and messes, each mess making arrangements in the culinary department according to individual taste, utterly regardless of Uncle Samuel's ration regulations. Judging from the way roast turkeys, and other good things to match, disappeared from the different tables, one would say the sanitary regulations shared the same fate.

In the evening, there was a Company gathering, with all the more union for the day's separation. The entertainment consisted of songs, declamations, select readings, toasts, and speeches; the whole prepared on short notice. The responses to toasts were almost entirely extempore, only a few minutes' notice being given to those expected to speak.

To the first regular toast,—“Thanksgiving day: may New England's sons put the rebellious South in a spirit to recognize it annually,”—Corporal J. B. Gardner responded briefly. He spoke of the origin of Thanksgiving, and the reason of its transmission to us. He recalled home Thanksgivings, and contrasted them with this; and looked forward to the time when we might celebrate a Thanksgiving in our own homes—one whose origin should be a declaration of peace in a free, united and prosperous nation.

The second regular toast—“The loved ones at home”—was fittingly responded to by E. Fitzgerald, Jr. He said: Thanksgiving comes home

to every one of us, in all its New England naturalness. Despite our necessitous life, our inner man has been brought to a sense of the fullness of past Thanksgivings. By to-day's special privileges, "government pies" have vanished before turkeys and other dainties. Therefore we *feel* able to imagine the comforts of the home table. The fat turkey, with the well flavored "dressing," whose mysteries the Yankee matron alone knows, and the steaming pudding staring at us with its big plum eyes;—how such imagining waters the mouth! But, aside from sensuous reminiscences of home, come thoughts of the loved ones themselves. We know that the dear mother shed at least one hot tear as she sat down to the ample dinner; and the stern father—did he not falter a prayer for the absent? Sisters and brothers were stiller at the name of the soldier-boy, and prayerfully wished him home again. Ah! comrades, duty done, and done well, we *will* go home. The loved ones, though far off, still live snug to our hearts. The old household—God bless it!

Third regular toast: "Our new Commander of the Army of the Potomac, Maj. Gen. A. E. Burnside. May the laurels won at Roanoke be renewed at Richmond." The President said he had the pleasure of introducing an anomaly—A. C. (*sea*) Fish—who would respond. Said Fish spouted somewhat as follows: The good things Thanksgiving usually brings, expected to be enjoyed by the soldier only in imagination, have come in reality; and have been so well appreciated, that he who expects a speech—clear thoughts in clear language—looks for an inconsistency as great as a sea fish, forty miles from the sea. Somebody has said, "Let us take heed of the things that surround us, for To-Day is a king in disguise." We can only re-reho the thought, we cannot realize it. It is hard, too, to take heed of what is passing around us. Great battles—material for a volume of history—are forgotten in a day; we look for greater events in the future. Pledges of the people to sustain the President, success at the polls, and proclamations are as nothing compared with that victory which ought to be ours, and which alone can let in light. The war has been waged twenty months; with all the power and energy put forth by the North, rebellion still holds us at bay. What the nation needs now is a Napoleonic genius, a General who can wield the mighty power of a million of men in arms, who can concentrate and crush. It was thought at one time we had found the man in Gen. McClellan. But out of a chaos of inaction came only the words, "All quiet on the Potomac." People said he was "slow, but sure"; we are only sure that he was slow. The disastrous Peninsular campaign placed Gen. Pope in command. The motto then was, "Spades to the rear;

look before, and not behind." When he retired, the question, "Is Richmond ours," was changed to "Is Washington safe?" Again Gen. McClellan was called back. Antietam followed; a golden opportunity to destroy the Rebel army was lost. Then followed the waiting and re-organizing policy, until the salvation of the country demanded a *leader* for the Army of the Potomac. The hero of Newbern and Roanoke, Maj. Gen. A. E. Burnside, is the man. He has the confidence of the President, and the people; the army believe in him. He has our confidence, and may it be our privilege to aid him. Let us think of what we can do, not of when we shall go home. When Gen. Burnside routs the Rebels at Richmond, may we have a part in cutting off and capturing them on their retreat towards the Gulf.

Fourth regular toast: "The Officers of Company D." Charles H. Demeritt responded. Had we our glasses filled, we should all, I think, drink to that toast most heartily. We have too many times manifested the regard and esteem which we entertain for our officers, for me to allude to it to-night; and that those feelings are reciprocated, we have had too many evidences to doubt. The efficiency of any company depends upon the relations existing between officers and men; that ours has been efficient is proved by its recent promotion; and this is due, not as our Captain has modestly said, to us alone, but also to his unceasing exertions. Since our arrival in North Carolina, and more particularly during our late expedition, he has shown that he intends to stand by his Company; and I know that I speak your sentiments, as well as my own, when I assure him that we will stand by him. The military qualifications of our First Lieutenant were too marked to escape the attention of the General commanding, and he has been called to perform more important and responsible duties; but, wherever he may go, whatever position he may fill, he will carry with him the best wishes of Co. D. But if we have lost the services of one able officer, we are fortunate in having another whom we know can make his place good. Though at present disabled by wounds received in our first fight, we hope he soon will be able to perform his accustomed duties. In conclusion, gentlemen, I propose three cheers for our Officers and our Orderly.

The fifth regular toast—"Old Boston; God bless her from hub to rim"—was responded to by Corporal M. E. Boyd. The City of Boston! who among us does not feel a thrill of joy and pride at the mention of our beloved and noble city, where those live who are dearer to us than all else, and where the greater part of us have spent our days from childhood up? Her name stands forth glorious, and if it is in our power to

do anything to cause it to shine forth still brighter, we pledge ourselves, one and all, it shall be done. On this Thanksgiving evening our thoughts leave us in our North Carolina home, and carry us back to our dear ones as they gather around the Thanksgiving board; and we wonder whether the empty seat at the table is noticed, and whether, surrounded as they are by luxuries, they remember us who have gone forth to do battle for them and our country; and as our mothers and fathers, sisters and brothers, gather to celebrate this ancient holiday, their thoughts wander after us, and they wonder where we are and what we are doing, and whether in the excitement of war we have forgotten the tender memories which this day should call forth. Our thoughts are for them, and theirs are for us; and when we go back at the end of our service, which I trust and *know* will be an honorable one, "Old Boston" will give her sons a Thanksgiving before which this will seem as nothing.

Corporal H. D. Stanwood responded to the sixth and last regular toast: "The girls we left behind us." The reading of this toast started such an all-absorbing train of reflections in the mind of the reporter that he is unable to give the speech. He only remembers that there was loud applause, and a statement to the effect that somebody was greatly cheered by the approving smile of a pretty girl as we were marching down State Street, to take the boat for Dixie. He has a faint recollection, too, of hearing some one say that the remembrance of "the girl he left behind him" made him a better soldier.

The singing of "Old Hundred" by the company closed the exercises of the evening. The occasion was one to be remembered by us; we were observing a New England holiday, and our thoughts were among New England homes. Our brief experience here has taught us to be thankful for those homes. We can but contrast there with here. There those institutions are cherished which truly exalt a nation; here only that is clung to, which drags a people down to barbarism; there education is universal, it is a civilized and Christian land; here ignorance is established by law, civilization a myth, and Christianity a lie. We never knew before with how great a blessing God has blessed New England, and with how deep a curse He has cursed the South. MATHETES.

THANKSGIVING AS OBSERVED BY CO. G.

THE order of Gen. Foster making Nov. 27th, (the day of the usual Thanksgiving in the Old Bay State), a military holiday throughout his department, and recommending its observance according to the

time-honored customs of the good people of that State, met the cordial approbation of every member of the 44th; and the boys of Co. G, wishing to celebrate in a proper manner a day having so many sacred associations clustering around it, as well as to show proper respect to the General commanding, made their arrangements accordingly.

It was not to be supposed that a dinner, (for that, of course, is the principal item in a Thanksgiving programme), could be got up in this part of the world, and in camp, too, with that degree of taste and elegance that would be afforded in a more civilized part; but Co. G determined upon having a dinner, and a dinner they had, an account of which I will try to give.

A committee was early appointed to make all needful arrangements, and the Chairman, Private E. G. Scudder, entered upon the duties assigned him in an energetic and praiseworthy manner, ably supported by his assistants, Privates John Kent and Charles Holland, and the result of their labors was in every way satisfactory to the boys. The day was everything that could be desired, a fine warm sun shedding its bright beams both upon the home circles, and upon us, far removed from the dear ones in them. The air was mild, to a degree that prompted us at first to set our long table out doors, but better counsels prevailed, and it was arranged inside. Long boards extending the entire length of the barracks, strongly supported by barrels, made a most excellent table, affording room for all our boys; the seats made for the occasion were rough and uncouth, but served the purpose. Rubber blankets spread upon the table made *superior* table cloths, and smooth boards with raised edges, made most excellent platters, upon which were placed the turkeys and chickens, served up in true New England style. Mess-pans of apple and cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes and onions, filled up the spaces between the former articles.

Nor must the ornamental work above and around be forgotten, for the taste displayed and the effect produced was truly surprising, considering circumstances. On either side, on a line with the upper bunks, were hung woollen blankets, while guns, with fixed bayonets, were placed in rows over them. At one end was suspended a drum, crossed with two guns, with the Company flag immediately beneath; at the other was hung a knapsack, arranged in the same manner. Over the sergeants' room were two swords crossed, with a red sash looped upon them. The whole work, when complete, received the admiration of all.

When all was ready, the Company entered and took their seats, and soon after our officers, who had been invited to dine with us, entered, whereupon the Company rose and gave them three hearty cheers. Or-

der being restored, Capt. Hunt read Gov. Andrew's proclamation, as being the most fitting opening to this festive occasion. This service ended, we proceeded to make ourselves familiar with the rich feast before us. Our first course consisted of oyster sauce passed around by our contraband waiters; then followed, in regular order, the other good things prepared for the occasion. With remarkable rapidity did turkeys and chickens disappear, each one of us considering himself bound to make way with as large a quantity as possible. In due time the feast of good things was ended, and then came "the feast of reason and flow of soul." Private Jones, the toast-master for the occasion, upon being called upon, read the following first regular toast: "The day we celebrate;" which was responded to by Corporal Hobart. He thought, when asked to speak upon this occasion, that it would be an easy task, and consented; but the hour had come, and he must say he felt too full for utterance; this being considered a good thing, a laugh was had accordingly. Other remarks, eloquent and pithy, were made by him, when he took his seat amidst loud cheers.

The next regular toast was then read: "Our country, right or wrong; we have enlisted ourselves for its vindication, and, with God's help, we will accomplish what we have undertaken." Response by the entire Company, by rising and singing "America." The next toast—"The 44th Regiment and its gallant commander; may it never drift to the *Lee-ward*, and may it often have a *Dab* at the rebels"—was responded to by J. H. Elliott. The next was, "Co. G; all present or accounted for." Responded to by Lieut. J. C. White. He had good faith in Co. G, and knew that in the hour of trial it would not be found wanting. A song, "Viva la Co. G," by J. Dorr, followed the remarks of Lieut. White.

The next regular toast—"The Dinner; the mind that conceived, the hand that executed it are in every way worthy of it and of the occasion." Response by Private E. G. Scudder, Chairman of Committee of Arrangements, who, in his usual happy style, gave us an account of his proceedings. "On being asked to act as your committee I hesitated about engaging in so *foul* a proceeding. We were obliged to go on considerable of a *Chase* to procure the necessary articles, and, of course, exerted our *Powers* to the uttermost; but we were finally able to get *Holt* of some fine chickens which we found on board a schooner—they of course coming from the *Hutch*—and you may be assured it relieved our minds, for at one time we feared the only *Bird* we should be able to procure would be a *Jack Dorr*, but after travelling to the *Towns-end*, fortune favored us, and the result is before you. If any one is disposed to find fault with the dressing of the turkeys, we would say in the most *sage* manner that it is as *savory* as the time and place would permit. Our

Gardner was not able to furnish all we wanted. We hope you will all rise in your seats and pronounce the pudding "*Plum Elegant*."

The next regular toast, "Our Orderly Sergeant; on land, or on sea, no one can object to being kept under the *Hatch*," was responded to by Orderly Hatch. He thought the boys had better be cautious about standing under the Hatch, as it was not yet *warranted* to stand. As he had not yet received his warrant, this was considered a good joke, and brought down the house. The next regular toast—"The left guide of Co. G; may he have an opportunity, next June, to take two points on the ground on Boston Common." Loud calls were made for Sergeant Hastings, but he had disappeared. The next toast was: "The girl I left behind me; in absence she makes a *New-hall* upon our affections." Responded to by Sergeant Newhall in a happy manner. Then came, "Old Harvard; its learned walls have sent their ready few." Response by T. R. Harris. The next was, "The Pioneer; he *axes* himself, 'why did I enlist for a military man?'" Responded to by J. H. Kent, chief Pioneer of Co. G. Then followed a song entitled "Kingdom Coming," by S. A. Powers, received with loud applause. The next regular toast—"Pay Day; with a *purse* well filled, what care we how long it is delayed"—was responded to by J. H. Pierce. The next: "The foreign element in our Company; their *Lipps* have often asserted that they *Wood* fight for their adopted country." Responded to by L. M. Lipp, and loud calls were heard for Charles Wood. The next toast was proposed by Orderly Hatch; "Our sweethearts and wives; may the first be the last, and the last be the first." Responded to by Lient. Odiorne, who was received with great enthusiasm. The next, proposed by C. J. McIntire, "Our Mothers." The next, and last, by L. A. Chase—"Our friends at Home; God bless them."

In consideration of the darkness that was now gathering about the table, it was thought best to adjourn the meeting, which was accordingly done, the Company joining in singing "*Auld Lang Syne*." Outside was enjoyed a mock dress parade by the boys of Co. A. The evening hours were spent quite pleasantly inside, declaiming, singing, &c. Upon the whole, Co. G congratulates itself upon the good time enjoyed, and only regrets that their pleasure could not have been shared by at least some of the loved ones at home.

SCRIBE.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP.

LITTLE did the kind friends at home imagine that the boys of Co. E enjoyed so pleasant a Thanksgiving in Newbern as we did. One

writes: "probably you are eating 'salt horse' and 'hard tack,' or else wading knee-deep the Southern swamps, on a toilsome march." If they could have ridden out here in their carriages, as at "old Readville," they would have found the happiest set of fellows ever met. Everybody pleasant except those unlucky ones who were put on guard; of course they received more than their share of pity, but no one seemed inclined to take their places!

The first amusement in order was a good game of foot-ball, with the usual quantity of "rushing in," "fending out," shin-kicking," and bruising generally. In one rush after the ball a lieutenant and private rolled over and over, together, in the dirt; several officers joined with us, but they did not stay long after the first game as the exercise was too violent.

Most of us had an idea that we were to have something extra nice for dinner, which was the next important feature of the day; but all were surprised and over-joyed when filed to their seats at the table, which was placed the length of the barracks, and covered with rubber blankets for table cloths. Our shining tin plates and dippers made a very good show, and the effect was heightened by a large slice of soft bread (so called to distinguish it from hard) leaning against every dipper. At intervals on the board were large plates of golden butter, a treat to those poor fellows who could not afford, or rather had no money to buy it. After some very appropriate remarks by the Captain and Lieutenants, and six rousing cheers for all hands, we sat down and commenced work upon the turkeys and chickens which were brought in nicely roasted, with a guard of mashed sweet and Irish potatoes, rich gravy, and excellent cranberry sauce. The carvers, who had been appointed beforehand, had some lively work to perform, as the boys were hungry, and, of course, a little impatient. However, affairs progressed finely, and soon nothing was heard but the rattling of eating implements, and various expressions of delight, such as the following; "Isn't this a jolly dinner?" "What tip-top sauce!" "Give me some more turkey," etc. After the remnants of the turkeys and chickens had been removed, five large plum-puddings, with hot sauce, were produced. We had forgotten all about "puddin'" and consequently had eaten more of the first course than we otherwise should; but we did not hesitate long—not a moment. The attack was conducted in good style, but our forces were some time in retreating. The boys settled back a little from the table, (they could not lay back in their chairs as they were accustomed to do at Parker's), to listen to the speaking, and at the same time to partake of the dessert, which consisted of apples of Northern growth, and raisins. I must not forget a joke which made

considerable fun ; it was perfectly characteristic of our second Lieutenant. While we were engaged with the pudding he rose and asked how many there were who did not smoke ; a question he was desired to ask by a gentleman in the Regiment procuring statistics. Several raised their hands, when he very coolly remarked that he had a few cigars, but did not know as he had enough for all ; the last part was drowned in the cheers and shouts of the smokers, who fully realized their expectations of a treat when the box was passed around. The usual amount of speech-making followed, and with "Auld Lang Syne" we left the scene of festivity.

In the evening we gave a Dramatical and musical entertainment, the programme of which was rather mixed, to be sure, but the best we could offer, under the circumstances and considering the time we had to prepare it. We made a very good stage, and with blankets and the Orderly's sash, constructed quite a pretty curtain. The programme was as follows :

SONG—Happy are we, to-night, Boys,	F. S. WHEELER
DECLAMATION—England's Interference,	
SONG—Oft in the Stilly Night,	S. G. RAWSON
DECLAMATION—The Dying Alchemist,	J. W. CARTWRIGHT
READINGS—Selections,	
SONG—Viva l' America,	J. WATERMAN
DECLAMATION—Spartacus to the Gladiators,	H. T. REED
DECLAMATION—Beauties of the Law, also Bernardo del Carpio,	J. H. MYERS and J. BRYANT
SONG—Gideon's Band	

INTERMISSION.

SONG—Rock me to Sleep, Mother!	G. H. VANVOORHIS
DECLAMATION—Garibaldi's Entrance into Naples,	
SONG—There's Music in the Air,	H. T. REED
Imitations of Celebrated Actors,	
DECLAMATION—Rienzi's Address to the Romans,	N. R. TWITCHELL
Old Folks' Concert,	FATHER KEMP'S CO.
SONG—Home, Sweet Home,	

in which the audience joined, as it was the closing piece. During the performance the Colonel and Staff Officers came in, and were very much pleased with the exercises. By an order of the Colonel, "taps" did not sound until ten o'clock, (it usually sounds at eight) ; but when it came every light was extinguished, and the Barracks were as quiet as a mouse. The day passed off so quietly, and yet so pleasantly, that the Colonel expressed his pleasure in an order read at dress parade the following day. So passed Thanksgiving Day with Co. E ; none of us will ever forget it, and those of us who enjoy other Thanksgivings will look back to this occasion as one of the bright spots in our life's pilgrimage.

E. A. R., of Cambridge.

Editor's Table.

The Bay State Forty-Fourth.

WE trust that the dear ones at home, whose most earnest thoughts are connected with our Regiment, will welcome this offering, not as a magazine of articles carefully written and revised, but in its true form, as the hasty work of soldiers, prepared in the interval of time between one expedition and another; the "one" referring to the late march upon Kinston, Whitehall, and Everettsville, and "another" to something which is yet in the future—dim in our imagination, uncertain as to form or place—but still confidently expected.

Just a fortnight ago this Saturday evening, that weary march of one hundred and fifty miles was ended, and the tired, foot-sore boys of the 44th reached the barracks here. Those of our civilian readers who have journeyed until strength of body and mind has left them, and overcome by fatigue, by the severest efforts alone have reached, at last, their destination, perhaps can appreciate, in a measure, our feelings, when the barracks, warmed and illuminated through the thoughtful kindness of a few who had remained behind, came in sight, offering, to soldiers, the very best shelter and accommodation. We had broken camp, that morning, thirty miles from Newbern; but this encampment was the point to be reached on Saturday night,—we were bent on getting home; and we venture to say never was a sight of that dear spot more welcome, than the drill and parade grounds of the 44th, dimly seen by starlight, while from every window of the barracks came a friendly gleam. But what a charm was added, when the letters from the one true home, messages from father, mother, brother, sister, or dear friends, were

delivered by the handful! that was reaching home. Such was our last experience. We have rested a fortnight, we may remain quiet another week, and still another, but it is very doubtful. If marching orders come before the ink is dry on the page before us, we are bound not to be surprised, for our military experience has hitherto been active, and action we expect under our General.

If our friends fully appreciate the circumstances that surround us, no further apology, beyond the mention of them is needed, when they open the *Bay State Forty-Fourth*, and find that we have disappointed them in giving a noble title to a very simple pamphlet; but the name, for the love we bear old Massachusetts, we cannot change, even if, affected by Southern atmosphere, the conductors of the Magazine forget their former ability, and spell, as well as punctuate, in the style of some of the former inhabitants of Newbern; the latter part of which we are led to write when calling to mind the inscription upon a wooden tablet in "Cedar Grove Cemetery," a picturesque old burial ground, but a short distance from our camp. It reads thus:

"Don't break the Shrubbery."

Soft! a sudden recollection flashes upon our mind, which most forcibly suggests that before charging upon Secessionists the fault of being intolerably illiterate, on account of the original style of letter painting displayed in the instance above given, we need to be sure that no parallel example can be found in the North. Our misgivings on the subject are, however, relieved when we remember that Capt.

Winsor, the new Superintendent of our own "Sweet Auburn," had the large board of regulations renovated entirely, last spring, so that—

"No Smoking is allowed while in the Grounds"—

after remaining some years, no longer disgraces a beautiful spot.

Although separated from Massachusetts friends, and deprived of the comforts of home and the social intercourse with the loved circle, during the long winter evenings that have never before passed without some enjoyment, we are determined to ask a hearing in the manner we have chosen.

It is a fact well recognized by all who attempt writing an article in camp, that for some reason or other ideas are stagnant, and literary work is accompanied with great difficulty. Still, without enumerating the hindrances that surround a soldier who attempts to amuse you, we submit the inclosed to—our publishers, who will put in clear type as much of the manuscript as they can read, (we only hope that the worst portion of the Editor's production is the most illegible), and in time our friends will receive it. Please pass no judgment upon the *Bay State Forty-Fourth*, until we have greater leisure, and better opportunities for making it the publication we should wish it to be.

The following forms a part of a paper read in Co. D, one evening; it was arranged at very short notice, but its renewal in print will serve as a pleasant reminder to the boys of that Company of an evening in the barracks.

The Hasty Pudding.

What ready "stuff" circumstances offered, we have rapidly mixed and moulded into a literary pudding—hasty, because picked up, and cooked in a hurry. Everybody loves pudding, therefore everybody ought to be grateful for a bit of this. Circumstances change things; at home, we would be discriminate, preferring pure milk, golden butter, and plums abundant

and sweet. Then the measurings, and stirrings, and baking must be by well-known hands. Here, what matter if the milk be scarce, and smack of water? What if the butter be *semi-lard*, and the whole pudding made up of good and bad, sweet and sour? The soldier, of all men, bends gracefully to necessity. Hence, if butterless biscuit and ambiguous tea be all he can get, he utters thanks and takes them. He may grumble, but grumbling spices his gratitude. Now, this, the letter-pudding of our own concoction, though motley enough, we trust fully present to you.

Naturally stingy, the Hasty Pudding is a spasm of liberality on our part. Comrades and contributors, we want you to eat. If, by the way, any of you have helped us with scrapings of your own labor, "fall in" promptly for your share. Eat, come all, and eat. Quinine is good, but the "Hasty Pudding" is better. Friends, the soldier needs no introduction to life. He *hates* introductions. Why then, singularly enough, should you wait for a formal acquaintance with the "Hasty Pudding"? I thought you'd take it as they tried to take Fredericksburg, by storm. Come, sit down at table, and eat.

Bivouac!

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,"

imaginatively echoed along the dark air, and the Northmen marched on in silence, stern, with step weary, but persistent. Mere figures they were, their faces masked by night, their voices hushed. The vague gloom had made them fleshless shadows, had there not gone with them a solemn tramp, and a continuous tinkling, as of cymbals, telling of mind and purpose. No moon shone. Out from the dark dwelling of the sky the many scattered stars looked gravely down. Along their way, either side, stood the wilderness, gaunt, tangled, thorny, venomous, hiding the hypocritic swamp, toying with miasmas. Silently toiled these armed thousands! Darkness, and dreariness without—no cheer, no

joy, no apparent promise—but God within, God in their hearts.

Suddenly that bright gleam ahead, at the end of the long forest-vista! Why does the host hasten at sight of it? "Camp-fires! camp-fires!" sounds along the lines; the bent forms straighten, the deep sigh of weariness for the moment ceases. Onward! onward! the light widens and brightens; a few more persistent steps, and the forest is passed. What a scene! glorious! On either side stretch immense fields all aglow with a thousand fires; massy volumes of smoke roll sluggishly through the air. Separate, in long parallel lines, are ranged wagons, cannon, horses, men. Along the fires group figures sitting, standing, crouching, indistinct in the dusky light. And armed files are still pouring into the fields, while on, on, up the road, march the massive remnant, the blazing bivouac their guide and goal. "Fall in for rails!" and onward they move—an army with rails. Camp is reached! the bivouac is complete! Sleep and rest are at hand.

Thus America plods forward in the deep, dark night of rebellion, through the wilderness of disaster. Thus, O! thus, may she meet many a bivouac of cheer and rest!

Mr. Horace P. Tuttle, the Astronomer, has favored us with the following list of the killed and wounded, and also of those who had died in the 44th Regiment previous to Jan. 17, 1863.

COMPANY A.

Killed—D. T. Newcomb, J. W. Slocumb, W. R. Meagher, A. L. Butler.
Wounded—Sergt. J. F. Clark, A. K. Tappan, A. S. May, J. W. Greenwood, J. F. Berry, W. Bamford.

COMPANY C.

Killed—Sergt. A. S. Courtis, Corp. E. H. Curtis, A. F. Pollo, C. E. Rollius.
Died—A. B. Moulton, fever.

COMPANY D.

Wounded—Charles Ewer—Frederic Jackson.

COMPANY E.

Killed—Charles Morse.
Wounded—C. H. Roberts.

COMPANY F.

Died—John C. Pollitz, Josiah Moody.

COMPANY G.

Wounded—F. E. Lincoln, E. S. Fisher, Drummer.
Died—H. G. Kimball, fever.

COMPANY H.

Wounded—Sergt. W. W. Howe, E. C. Crosby, R. V. De Peyster, H. Parker, E. A. Jacobs.

COMPANY K.

Killed—G. E. Noyes.

The following is a list of the men detailed from the 44th Regiment for various duties. We obtain a copy of it through the kindness of Adjutant Hinckley.

COMPANY A.

As one of Signal Corps, C. C. Murdock.
In Hospital Department, Private Munn.
In Quartermaster's Dep't, A. L. Whipple.

COMPANY C.

In Hospital Department, N. W. Brooks.
At Brigade Headquarters, in Commissary Department, W. C. Cotton.

COMPANY D.

As one of Signal Corps, G. H. Colby.
As Carpenter, J. F. Bacon.
As Painter, C. E. Wheelock.

COMPANY F.

As Draughtsmen at Headquarters, W. G. Wheelock, J. H. Curtis.
As one of Signal Corps, G. W. French.
As Baker, C. S. Moody.
As Clerk in Brigade Quartermaster's Department, E. D. Hull.
As Wagoner, T. P. Holt.
As Commissary in General Hospital, W. H. Lathrop.
In Regimental Hospital, as Nurse, J. F. Dean.
As Clerk to Major Stackpole, Judge Advocate, J. E. Dean.

COMPANY G.

As one of Signal Corps, A. N. Elliott.
As Wagoner, A. B. Hart.
As Harness Maker, C. H. Cormier.

COMPANY H.

As Teamster, H. H. Belcher.
As Hospital Wagoner, A. H. Curry.
In Hospital Department, W. A. Safford, G. A. Ives.
As Clerk at Headquarters, A. F. Boone.
As Baker, T. L. Gibbs.

COMPANY I.

As Clerk to Lt. Goldthwaite, L. Rhoades.
As Clerk to Dr. Breed, T. Pinkham.
For duty to Lt. Goldthwaite, B. F. Adams.

COMPANY K.

As Purveyor's Clerk, W. A. Gould.

Much important matter is crowded out of this number. In our next we shall give the remainder of the Roll, some interesting memoirs, &c.

ROLL OF THE 44TH REGIMENT, M. V. M.*

STAFF AND FIELD OFFICERS.

COLONEL — FRANCIS L. LEE, of Newton.

Lieut. Colonel.

EDWARD C. CABOT, Brookline.

Major.

C. W. DABNEY, JR., W. Roxbury.

Surgeon.

ROBERT WARE, Boston.

Assist. Surg.

T. W. FISHER, Medway.

Quartermaster.

FRANCIS BUSH, JR., Boston.

Adjutant.

W. HINCKLEY, Lowell.

Chaplain.

EDWARD H. HALL, Plymouth.

Sergeant Major.

W. H. BIRD, Roxbury.

Quartermaster Sergeant.

F. S. GIFFORD, New Bedford.

Commissary Sergeant.

C. D. WOODBURY, Boston.

Hospital Steward.

W. C. BRIGHAM, New Bedford.

Principal Musician.

GEORGE L. BABCOCK, New Bedford.

COMPANY A.

CAPTAIN — J. M. RICHARDSON, Hubbardston.

1st. *Lieut.*—JARED COFFIN, Boston.| 2nd. *Lieut.*—C. G. KENDALL, Boston.*Privates.*

Atwood, J. M., Wellfleet

Bailey, C. H., Boston

Bamford W., N. Andover

Bass, J. A., Boston

Bellows, H. H., Holliston

Berry, J. F., Boston

Bickmore, A. S., Cambridge

Bloom, J. N., Boston

Brown, F. T., Malden

Brown, W. W., Saugus

Butler, A. L., Cambridge

Clark, J. F., W. Cambridge

Cole, R. S., Boston

Conant, J. H., Brighton

Cragin, G. N., Boston

Creelman, E. T., N. Andover

Cuthbert, J., N. Andover

Derby, W. H., N. Chelsea

Dodmun, N. H., Needham

Edmands, A. W., Cambridge

Everett, A. H., "

Everett, G. E., Canton

Fielding, G. W., N. Andover

Flanders, N. C., "

Fuller, A., Needham

Fuller, E. N., "

Gibbs, F. F., Waltham

Gibson, W., N. Chelsea

Gott, J. E., Boston

Gould, A. F., Lexington

Gray, W. A., Dorchester

Green, W. H., W. Cambridge

Greenwood, J. W., Needham

Grover, C. A., Lexington

Hammond, J. F., Cambridge

Hanson, F. B., Boston

Hartwell, A. H., Waltham

Hartwell, H. W., "

Hill, E. L., Boston

Howard, M., N. Andover

Hunting, I., Jr., Needham

Hutchinson, G. S., Boston

Hubbard, H., Jr., Boston

Ingraham, H., Framingham

Johnson, A. S., Needham

Killian, J. H., Truro

Knox, S. H., Dorchester

Lee, Eugene C., Boston

Lovejoy, G. W., Andover

Lyon, E., Needham

Lyon, H., "

Mann, J. H., Cambridge

May, A. S., Needham

Meagher, M. R., Boston

Melville, H. F., Brighton

Montgomery, F. D., Boston

Mooney, W. H., Cambridge

Moseley, W., Needham

Murdock, C. C., Wareham

Newcomb, D. L., Medford

Noyes, J. C., Boston

Noyes, J. L., W. Cambridge

Pierce, W. H., N. Chelsea

Rand, E. R., Boston

Rogers, L. W., N. Andover

Russell, H. Jr., Malden

Russell, J. W., W. Cambridge

Sargent, J. T. Jr., Boston

Schayer, E. A., Roxbury

Shackford, S. T., Boston

Slocum, J. W., Holliston

Smith, D. D., Wellfleet

Spring, W. S., Jr., Dorchester

Steele, C. L., Boston

Tappan, A. K., Boston

Taylor, J. P., Tewksbury

Teel, W. F., W. Cambridge

Thomas, J. C. C., Beverly

Thompson, F. D., Dorchester

Tobey, T. F., Wareham

Trott, G. F., Boston

Tukey, J. E., W. Cambridge

Upton, L. E., Cambridge

Wall, C. J., Roxbury

Wallace, J. A., Malden

Wellington, J. M., Waltham

Wellington, G. F. S., "

Wellington, W. S., "

Wheaton, J. W., Roxbury

Whipple, A. L., Hamilton

Whipple, S. A. F., "

Whitmarsh, J. G., Needham

Whittier, H. C., Boston

Wiley, D. W., Wellfleet

Wilkins, J. G., Watertown

Wood, C. P., Holliston

Yendell, C. A. Jr., Boston

* We could obtain the names of the Corporals and Sergeants of only one Company, as they are not on the Rolls at the State House.

COMPANY B.

CAPTAIN — J. M. GRISWOLD, Newton.

1st. Lieut.—F. H. FORBES, Newton.

2nd. Lieut.—J. A. KENRICK, Newton.

<i>Privates.</i>		Farnum, E. H.,	Newton	Newell, C.,	Needham
Abbott, C. F.,	Newton	Fayes, A. J.,	"	Patten, C. C.,	Newton
Almon, D.,	"	Felt, J.,	"	Penderghast, J.,	"
Baker, T. E.,	"	Fields, C. S.,	"	Potter, A. F.,	"
Bumberg, T. B.,	"	Gardner, S.,	"	Reed, H. F.,	"
Barrows, J. S.,	"	Gillespie, W.,	"	Richardson, W. H.,	"
Bassford, E. P.,	"	Gleason, M.,	"	Robinson, W. W.,	"
Batchelder, S. G. A.,	"	Gray, E.,	"	Rogers, W. M.,	"
Beck, J. H.,	Boston	Hamblin, J. C.,	"	Salsbury, B. G.,	"
Belcher, C. A.,	Newton	Harding, N. F.,	"	Sedwick, J. H.,	"
Belcher, W. H.,	"	Harris, Arland,	"	Smallwood, J. B.,	"
Billings, J. E.,	"	Hawkes, J. Q. A.,	"	Snipe, S. T.,	"
Brady, J. W.,	"	Hazelton, F. J.,	"	Surplus, Chas.,	"
Brennin, John,	Needham	Hazelton, S.,	"	Sweeney, W. J.,	"
Brooks, C. B.,	Newton	Hill, George N.,	"	Sylvester, J. W.,	"
Brooks, G. W.,	"	Holmes, J. R.,	"	Teague, F. W.,	"
Buck, E. R.,	"	Hopkins, B.,	"	Tilton, D. P.,	"
Carlton, J.,	"	Hunting, F. H.,	"	Towle, J. E.,	"
Clapp, D. C.,	Boston	Hyde, H. N., Jr.,	"	Trowbridge, W. O.,	"
Clarke, E. H.,	Newton	Jenkins, J.,	"	Tufts, F. W.,	N. Chelsea
Coffin, J. C.,	"	Jordan, W. E.,	"	Tufts, N. W. W.,	Newton
Coleman, F.,	"	Keyes, G. L.,	"	Walker, S. A.,	"
Corey, T. F.,	Brighton	Knight, C. W.,	"	Washburn, J. A.,	"
Crane, Z. A.,	Newton	Lamson, G. W.,	"	Welch, T.,	"
Dalton, P.,	"	Lucas, R. M.,	"	Wetherbee, G. E.,	"
Derby, J. P.,	"	Mansfield, A. H.,	"	Wetherell, H. B.,	"
Desmond, A.,	Ware	Mansfield, T. F.,	"	White, S. H.,	Quincy
Dresser, S. H.,	Newton	McSherry, B.,	"	Whitney, C. E.,	Newton
Dresser, S. M.,	"	Mero, John B.,	"	Wilson, C. H.,	"
Duncan, J. E.,	"	Mitchell, E. F.,	"	Withington, J. S.,	"
Edmonds, T. S.,	Newton	Milliken, E. W.,	"	Wetherell, H. B.,	"
Erlhart, J. G.,	"	Mullin, W. T.,	"	York, W. F.,	"
Everett, W. P.,	"	Nagel, R.,	"		

COMPANY C.

CAPTAIN — J. H. LOMBARD, Boston.

1st. Lieut.—G. B. LOMBARD, Boston.

2nd. Lieut.—J. W. BRIGGS, Boston.

<i>Sergeants.</i>		Alley, C. M.,	Lynn	Danforth, G. W.,	W. C'mb'e
Cunningham, C. A.,	Boston	Alline, W. H.,	Boston	Drew, Arthur,	Boston
Fitz, Frank,	Brookline	Ames, D. E.,	"	Everett, G. H.,	Wrentham
Hedge, W.,	Plymouth	Barden, F. S.,	Marion	Fogg, F. W.,	Boston
Pond, A. C.,	Boston	Bean, H. S.,	Boston	Gibbs, T. O. S.,	Cohasset
Tyler, P. S.,	"	Bolles, J. T.,	Cambridge	Glazier, F. B.,	Gardner
		Boynton, T. S.,	Framingham	Hadley, S. B.,	Boston
		Bradbury, W. S.,	Cambridge	Hadley, W. F.,	W. Camb'dge
		Bradlee, J. E.,	Boston	Hall, R. M.,	Dorchester
		Bradt, C. A.,	Lowell	Hawley, J. F.,	Boston
		Bradt, F. O.,	"	Hawley, W. H.,	"
		Bruerton, J.,	Boston	Hill, H. K.,	W. Cambridge
		Bryant, A. S.,	"	Hiscock, C. H.,	Cambridge
		Brooks, N. W.,	Dorchester	Holmes, T.,	Lynn
		Carpenter, A. F.,	Boston	Horton, A. T.,	Boston
		Cooley, P. I.,	"	Hovey, J. L.,	"
		Coolidge, G. T.,	"	Jones, I.,	S. Boston
		Cotton, W. C.,	"	Jones, S. A.,	"
		Cutler, F. E.,	"	Kettell, G. B.,	Roxbury
<i>Privates.</i>					
Adams, G. H.,	Brookline				

Mahoney, E. F., Boston	Pope, Richard, S. Boston	Small, J. W., Boston [bridge
Mellen, M. Jr., "	Preston, G. O., Boston	Smallidge, W. A., E. Cam-
Merrill, O. S., N. Andover	Proctor, G., "	Stearns, I. R., Chelsea
Morse, G. J., Boston	Randall, W., Cohasset	Temple, H. W., Boston
Munroe, T., "	Ray, G. H., Boston	Thomas, D. J., "
Murray, J. H., Cambridge	Rea, J. P., "	Trescott, E. W., Roxbury
Newell, H. J., Boston	Richardson, F. W., Gardner	Vinson, S. W., Dorchester
Norris, J. M., "	Richmond, W. T., Boston	Walker, E. C., Brookline
Osborn, C. H., "	Robinson, J. H., Camb'gep't	Ware, W., Milton
Patten, J. M., W. Cambridge	Robinson, R. T., "	Warren, W. H., Brookline
Peaks, J. D., Cambridgeport	Rogers, G. R., Boston	Wentworth, P. H. Jr. Roxb'y
Pierce, A. F., Dorchester	Rollins, C. E., Brookline	Whitecomb, C. D., Boston
Plummer, C. S., Boston	Rollins, G. M., "	Whittemore, C. H., Hopkin-
Pollo, A. F., "	Sackrider, G. M., "	Wilmot, H., Boston [ton
Pollo, J. B., "	Smith, J. R., Exeter, N. H.	Willard, E. A., Cambridgep't

COMPANY D.

CAPTAIN — H. D. SULLIVAN, Boston.

1st. Lieut.—JAMES H. BLAKE, Boston. | 2nd. Lieut.—ASA H. STEBBINS, Boston

Privates.

Adams, C., Medford	Flanders, W. H., Boston	Nourse, H., Bedford
Allen, O., Boston	Gardner, J. B., Roxbury	Page, T., Boston
Bacon, J. F., "	Gibbs, W. E., W. Cambridge	Paine, J., "
Bacon, S. A., Harvard	Gilley, S. M., Boston	Parsons, W., Cambridge
Bancroft, G. F., Groton	Goff, W. C., "	Pear, T., Cambridgeport
Barker, G. G., Bedford	Haines, Z. T., Strong, Me.	Pierce, W. W., Malden
Bates, D. D., Northfield	Hemmenway, A. A., Fr'h'm	Reed, C. E., Boston
Bartlett, S. S., Plymouth	Hight, G. W., E. Boston	Reed, J. A., Hingham
Beal, C. W., Boston	Hobart, G. H., W. Newton	Reed, W. G., Boston
Beal, G. W., Quincy	Hoey, W. I., Cambridge	Savery, W. E., Weymouth
Blanchard, A. Jr., Hingham	Holbrook, A. P., "	Sawin, G. W., Boston
Blanchard, J. A. W. C'mb'ge	Hosmer, E. B., Harvard	Saver, F. A., "
Boyd, M. E., Boston	Howard, D., Boston	Simonds, J. W., Melrose
Brewster, J. B., Plymouth	Howard, H., "	Spencer, C. H., Camb'gep't
Burchstead, B. F., Boston	Howard, W., "	Stanwood, H. D., Boston
Burchstead, J. H., "	Ireland, W. C., "	Stephenson, E. T. C. H'gh'm
Butler, H., Groton	Jackson, F., "	Stephenson, W. L., "
Carter, G. H., Boston	Jacobs, A., S. Scituate	Stevens, H. P., S. Scituate
Chickering, C. C., "	Jones, W., Hingham	Sturtevant, C. W., Roxbury
Child, F. D., "	Kemeson, L., "	Taylor, J. H., Boston
Colby, G. H., "	Knight, D. T., Boston	Treat, W. P., Canton
Crane, E. W., "	Lane, C. C., Waltham	Tripp, G. L., Boston
Crane, W. D., "	Leighton, J. E., E. Cambr'ge	Tourtellot, E. P., Charlest'n
Currier, C. E., Cambridgep't	Leatherbee, W. B., Boston	Tucker, E., Malden
Currier, G. C., "	Litchfield, J. H. Jr., F'gh'm	Tuttle, H. P., Cambridge
Demeritt, C. H., Boston	Littlefield, H. W., Milton	Vose, C. H., S. Scituate
Ells, N. I., "	Mann, H. M., Boston	Wade, J. K., Boston
Ewer, C. C., "	Messinger E. A., "	Ward, C. F., "
Fish, A. C., Jonesville, Wis.	Millar, W. K., Waltham	Waterman, J. H., Jr., R'xb'y
Fitzgerald, E., Jr., Portsm'h	Moody, W. I., Boston	Waterman, R. C. S. Scituate
Flanders, F. M., E. C'mb'ge	Neal, W. H., "	Wetherell, J. W. Jr., Boston
Flanders, J. C., Lynn	Newell, C. D., Framingham	Wheeler, C. E., Cambridge
	Newhall, F. A., Southboro'	Wheeler, F. D., "

COMPANY E.

CAPTAIN — S. W. RICHARDSON, Boston.

1st. Lieut.—J. S. NEWELL, Boston. | 2nd. Lieut.—J. S. CUMSTON, Boston.

Privates.

Adams, G. H., Cambridge	Baldwin, F., Waltham	Bryant, J., Boston
Adams, W. R., "	Bedell, C. H., Boston	Bradish, A. H., "
Allen, W. A., "	Blanchard, E. R., Waltham	Butrick, G. E. Jamaica Pt's
Barnes, T. L., Waltham	Blanchard, W. L., "	Cartwright, J. W., Boston
	Bowman, F. F., Boston	Cheney, J. H., "

Clough, S. A., Boston
 Cross, H. C., Saugus
 Currier, G. G., Boston
 Dean, W., Waltham
 Dyer, G. L., Boston
 Emerson, W. F., Waltham
 Filiebrown, G. E., "
 Flagg, J. P. Jr., Cambridge
 Fletcher, W. J. Jr., "
 Hastings, F. J., Cambridge
 Hayes, W. F., Boston
 Hight, H. O., Cambridge
 Holmes, S. A., Boston
 Homer, H. A., Cambridge
 Johnson, H. W., Boston
 Jones, P. F., Roxbury
 Joy, C. F., Brighton
 Kendall, A. H., Waltham
 Kent, F. A., Boston
 Learned, F. S., Watertown
 Lewis, J. B., Jr., Reading
 Livermore, W. B., Waltham
 Loheed, T., Boston
 Loring, A. B., Jr., "
 Lovejoy, J. W., Cambridge
 Magoun, F. D., "
 Mann, I. G., Boston
 Mason, T. D., "

Merrill, A. F., Boston.
 Miller, L., Waltham
 Moore, E. V., Boston
 Moore, J. F., Waltham
 Morse, A. L., Milton
 Morse, C., Boston
 Myers, J. H., Chelsea
 Page, A. K., Boston
 Park, C. S., Groton
 Parsons, M. A., Charlestown
 Patten, T. H., Watertown
 Pearce, I. H., Boston
 Peirce, H. T., Watertown
 Pettingill, E. M., Boston
 Piper, G. F., Cambridge
 Plimpton, M. F., Boston
 Pope, G. B., Waltham
 Pond, B. F., Belmont
 Price, F. J., Jr., Cambridge
 Pulsifer, G. L., Boston
 Ramsey, E. A., Cambridge
 Rawson, S. G., Boston
 Reed, H. T., Chelsea
 Rice, J. B., Jr., Cambridge
 Richardson, E., "
 Roberts, C. H., Melrose
 Robbins, J. A., Watertown
 Russell, G., Boston

Sampson, W. B., Boston.
 Sawyer, W. F., Malden
 Sherman, J. M., Waltham
 Smith, E. P., "
 Smith, G., Boston
 Stevens, E. L., Brighton
 Sutton, C. C., Boston
 Tackney, J., "
 Thayer, A. F., Newton
 Tower, H. C., Waltham
 Trott, S. P., Boston
 Tucker, C. E., Boston
 Twitchell, N. R., "
 Tyler, C., Cambridge
 Van Voorhis, G. H., Malden
 Wallace, E. A., Winchester
 Ward, W. F., Cambridge
 Warren, J. B., Boston
 Whall, C. H., " [bury
 Wheelwright, G. W. Jr. Rox-
 White, E. P., Milton
 Whitney, W. L. Jr., C'mb'ge
 Walcott, G. P., Boston
 Wilder, V. A., Roxbury
 Wilder, W. S., Boston
 Worthly, J. C., "
 Wyeth, J. J., Cambridge

COMPANY F.

CAPTAIN — CHARLES STORROW, Boston.

1st. *Lieut.*—A. S. HARTWELL, Natick. | 2nd *Lieut.*—T. E. TAYLOR, Newton.

Privates.

Ashenden, R. E., Boston
 Ashley, J. E., Charlestown
 Atkins, F. H., Cambridge
 Badger, W. Jr., N. Chelsea
 Balch, F. W., Boston
 Barnard, F. H., "
 Bartlett, E. J., Concord
 Brown, W. H., Boston
 Capen, J. H., "
 Clapp, H. A., Dorchester
 Clark, H. A., S. Hadley
 Cobb, B., Boston
 Cobb, D., "
 Coburn, H. B., "
 Cogswell, E. R., Cambridge
 Colburn, I., Dover
 Cook, C. E., Chelsea
 Cook, J. F., "
 Copeland, W. E., Roxbury
 Curtis, J. H., Waltham
 Davis, W., Charlestown
 Dean, J. E., Boston
 Dean, J. F., Cambridge
 Denny, A. W., Roxbury
 Devens, F. W., "
 Dodge, A. L., Boston
 Dodge, F. L., "
 Fox, C. W., Cambridge,
 Francis, C., Lowell
 French, G. W., Boston
 Fuller, B. G., "
 Gay, E. F., Dover

Gibbs, J. M., Waltham
 Goldthwait, C. W., Boston
 Goldthwait, G. F., "
 Goodwin, F., "
 Hanson, J. H., "
 Hayward, J. W., Roxbury
 Hewins, E. K., Boston
 Heywood, W. T., Boston
 Higgins, J. W., "
 Holbrook, S. L., Dorchester
 Holt, T. P., Cambridge
 Hopkinson, F. C., "
 Howe, E. H., "
 Hoyt, H. M., Boston
 Hull, E. D., Roxbury
 Hunnewell, G. A., Boston
 Ingraham, N. H., S. Hadley
 Ingraham, W. F., "
 James, G. W., Concord
 Johnson, A. P., Cambridge
 Jones, E. L., Boston
 Jones, G. F., "
 Kent, B. B. Jr., Boston
 Knapp, A. M., N. Chelsea
 Knapp, T. T., "
 Lathrop, W. H., Cambridge
 Leighton, A. W., Boston
 Learnard, H. E., "
 Macomber, G. B., "
 Moody, C. S., S. Hadley
 Moody, J., "
 Morse, C. F., Hopkinton
 Osborne, H., Souerville

Owens, J., Boston
 Perkins, W. E., "
 Perkins, H. J., "
 Pitman, J. W. Jr., Malden
 Pollitz, J. C., Boston
 Pope, G., Natick
 Powell, J. S., Lynn
 Rice, F. C., S. Boston
 Russell, C. J., Clinton
 Ryder, S. N., Boston
 Safford, De F., Belmont
 Sanford, G. S., Northbridge
 Simmons, W. A., Chelsea
 Simpkins, W. H., S. Boston
 Simpson, A., "
 Sleeper, H., "
 Spier, C. C. J., N. Brookfield
 Stanfield, H. R., Boston
 Stebbins, H. S., "
 Stover, A. R., "
 Stroens, A., Lawrence
 Sturgis, F. W., Cambridge
 Tewksbury, G. H., Boston
 Tweed, W. H., "
 Webber, W. H., "
 Weld, G. M., W. Roxbury
 Weston, G. F., Lincoln
 Wheelock, M. G., Chelsea
 White, T., S. Hadley
 Woodward, G. M., Holliston
 Wright, E. P., Brighton
 Wright, J. E., Boston
 Wyer, J. J. Jr., Harvard

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